

A Drunkard's Experience

AT

HOME AND ABROAD.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

WE are often told that the Temperance question is an old, old story, that it has been rolled over, and over again, until the bottom has fallen out. On the contrary, we have not yet reached the bottom, but we have reached that point when every sane person must admit that some steps will have to be taken to save the youth of this, and other lands, from the inevitable destruction that liquor is plunging them into.

We may not succeed in procuring prohibition, but we can educate the young and rising generation, and so impress it upon their minds, that, in the place of elevating them, it brings them down on a level with the brute creation.

Every mother can use her influence, in and around her home. There is no greater influence upon the earth than a mother's; the impression made by the mother, upon her children, will go with them down to the grave. The mother's influence is felt, when her face cannot be seen, and thousands of young men and women have been saved from spending their days in a felon's cell, or hurling themselves into a suicide's grave, by the tender words that were long ago spoken, by the now silent tongue of a loving mother.

Often have I seen a loving mother, with tears in her eyes, pleading with her boy, to refrain from keeping bad company, and to shun vicious companions, who would entice him to accompany them to a Bar-room, which is the certain way to destruction; it would cause the stoutest heart to tremble, at the agonized look upon that mother's face, as she hears the words of her wayward boy,—“Mother, I will only go this once.” Young men, do not deceive yourselves in this way, you will go again, and again; and there you will meet